Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWELVE

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The BOYS™

TWELVE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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AND THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF *STABLE,* IS IT?

GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

part two

SHOULDN'T YOU BE CHECKING ON--

IT IS IN HAND. FIVE EX-COMPLICATIONS, ONE EX-DOG.

I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS.

SO IT WAS WORTH THE TRIP FROM GROZNY AFTER ALL?

YOU SAID THAT THE COMPOUND HAD BEEN REFINED. THAT CONTROL WAS NOW NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT PLUS.

THE MATH WOULD STILL APPEAR TO BE ON MY SIDE...

WANT TO SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, TRYING TO CALL AN AMBULANCE WITH YOUR HANDS FULL OF YOUR OWN GUTS? WE'VE LOST *TWO* OF THESE FREAKS TO PREMATURE DETONATION; ANY MORE AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THE FUCKING POLICE ALL OVER US...

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT? HAVE THEY DETONATED?

IT'S EXTREMELY UNFORTUNATE THAT THE TWO WHO DID WERE INVOLVED IN THESE FIELD TRIALS YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING. BUT THERE IS A CHANCE OF CONTAMINATION DEVELOPING IN WHAT IS, LET'S REMEMBER, STILL ONLY AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCESS.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT.

I TOLD YOU ALL THIS AT THE TIME. YOU'VE NOT BEEN DECEIVED IN ANY WAY.

IF YOU HAD BEEN, DO YOU THINK I'D TEMPT FATE ANY FURTHER BY COMING TO SEE YOU IN PERSON?

IS THAT TRUE?

SHIT, YEAH. SHE'D HAVE HIS THROAT CUT IN A SECOND, SHE DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK WHO HE REPRESENTS.

NO, I MEAN ABOUT THE NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT...

EHHH... SEVENTY TO EIGHTY IS NEARER THE MARK. WE WON'T KNOW FOR SURE 'TIL THEY ACTUALLY GO FOR IT.

PULL BACK A LITTLE. I DON'T LIKE NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE HIM, SOMEONE COULD GET AROUND BEHIND HIM.

POINT.

MAN, HE IS ONE COOL MOTHERFUCKER. THAT BITCH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LIKE A TWO K BODYCOUNT, AND HE CAN SIT THERE AND NOT EVEN FUCKING BLINK...

CONSIDERING WHO HE'S USED TO SITTING WITH, I CAN'T SAY I'M REALLY TOO SURPRISED.

I MEAN THIS GUY TELLS THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE ON THE PLANET WHAT TO DO: WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE, WHAT'S LITTLE NINA NEXT TO THAT?

...YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE BACKING YOU NEED.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR GOVERNMENT?

WHAT ABOUT IT?

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT WASHINGTON WILL SIT IDLY BY WHILE--

I'M NOT SAYING THEY WON'T NOTICE. BUT THEY'VE MORE THAN ENOUGH ON THEIR HANDS WITH PAKISTAN.

AND GOVERNMENTS CHANGE, REMEMBER. OR YOU AND I WOULDN'T EVEN BE TALKING.

DIFFERENT GOVERNMENT.

YOUR ELECTION ISN'T FOR ANOTHER YEAR. AND REALLY, SERIOUSLY, WHO'S GOING TO VOTE FOR A CRETIN LIKE VIC THE VEEP?

ELECTION?

OH YES, THE ELECTION.

THE POINT IS, THIS IS NOT SOMETHING YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT. THE WAY HAS BEEN CLEARED, THE STAGE HAS BEEN SET. YOU'RE FREE TO ACT.

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BIG PRIZE.

TSARINA NINA.

EXCUSE ME.

I WILL BE BACK IN A MOMENT.

WE HAVE CAMERAS IN THE RESTROOM, RIGHT?

OH, YEAH.

HERE ARE TWO OF THEM NOW...

LOOK AT THEM. SCARED SHITLESS.

FUCKING AMERICAN FAGGOTS, MAN.

THINK IT'S THESE TWO, RIGHT HERE...

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING, RUDI?

HOLD ON.

THE LITTLE ONE SAYS IT'S HORRIBLE, SO FUCKING HORRIBLE--SO THEY GOT THE MESSAGE, ALL RIGHT. THE BIG ONE SAYS, AH... DON'T BE SUCH A BENDER...

BENDER?

DON'T KNOW. OKAY, THE BIG ONE SAYS LET'S GO INSIDE AND TALK ABOUT IT, THE LITTLE ONE WON'T GO IN. NOT WITH THAT FUCKING THING STILL IN THERE, HE SAYS.

THE LITTLE ONE'S REALLY LOSING IT, HE SAYS HE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE, HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE JOINED THIS FUCKING THING, HE QUITS...

IS THAT NO' ENOUGH YET?

GIVE FRENCHIE TIME TO DO HIS THING. COME ON, KEEP SHOUTIN'.

NFF NFF

NFF NFF

NFF NFF

SOMETHING ABOUT...YOU KNEW THE SCORE WHEN YOU JOINED UP...

WHEN HE GETS HIM BACK INSIDE, WE FOLLOW. DO EVERYONE. THE OWNER TOO.

AND DON'T FORGET THE DOG.

AN' I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' *ELSE*--ER--

FUCKIN'--FUCKIN' FUCK!

OH, GIVE THE BOY A BLEEDIN' OSCAR...

JUST BULLSHIT NOW.

GET READY.

WAIT A MINUTE, THE BIG ONE SAYS-- CARLOAD OF WANKERS.

WANKERS? *SHIT!*

BONJOUR.

WHY DIDN'T YOU GET TERROR TO DO THAT?

FRENCHMAN'S GOT A BETTER NOSE FOR IT, MATE.

AAAAIIIIEEEEEE!!

FRENCHMAN'S BETTER AT THINGS LIKE THAT, TOO.

NICE ONE, FRENCHIE. ALL RIGHT, GET RIDDA THESE TWO CUNTS AN' THE MOTOR, THEN JUST MEET US BACK HERE.

D'ACCORD!

POOR FLUNKY.

WHO WILL CLEAN SICK OUT OF SINKS NOW? WHO WILL GET SPINDLY LITTLE ARM DOWN SHITTER, PULL OUT OBSTRUCTION OF WADDED-UP TAMPONS AND OTHER HORRIFIC FEMALE SANITARY PRODUCTS?

OH WELL.

RIGHT THEN, WHAT D'YOU SAY WE GO INSIDE AN' WARM UP OUR POOR LITTLE FROZEN TOOTSIES?

TOO FUCKIN' RIGHT...

HEARD THAT.

WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT LAUGHIN' BOY KNOWS.

OOOOHH...

ZZZNNNNNNNN

OOOOHH--!

ZZZNNNNNNNN

OHHH, YESSSS--

JESUS CHRIST, THE FUCKING THING'S BIGGER THAN SHE IS...

UNBELIEVABLE.

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED.

ACTUALLY, THAT MIGHT MAKE MORE SENSE THAN YOU THINK. ONE STORY HAS HER KILLING HER DAD FOR CONTROL OF THE SAINT PETERSBURG RACKETS; IT COULD BE SHE NEVER WANTS TO BE INTIMATE WITH ANYONE AGAIN, JUST IN CASE SHE HAS TO... YOU KNOW...

LISTEN, I'M HUNGRY. D'YOU WANT A SANDWICH?

TURKEY AND SWISS ON RYE. OR WHATEVER THESE SAVAGES HAVE INSTEAD.

MAN, HER DAD...YOU IMAGINE WHAT SHE'D DO TO US IF SHE KNEW WE WERE WATCHING THIS?

HEY, THE INSTANT SHE SEES SHE'S BEEN PLAYED, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. HENCE PART TWO OF THE JOB HERE.

EXTREME CAUTION

HELLO, ROOM SERVICE?

AT LAST.

WHAT IF IT ISN'T THE INTIMACY THING? WHAT IF IT'S THIS SECRET VICE THAT BIG GANGSTERS HAVE ALWAYS HAD, AND NO ONE'S EVER FOUND OUT?

LIKE AL CAPONE FINISHES THE SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE, JUST SITS DOWN WITH THE DEAD GUYS AND STARTS IN BEATING HIS MEAT...

DICK TURPIN STANDS AND DELIVERS.

MURDER INC. IN A CIRCLE-JERK?

CLYDE DIES BLOWING ONE LAST BLOODY WAD ON BONNIE.

YOU ARE FUCKED-UP...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST PAIR OF CLOWNS I CAUGHT NOT PAYING ATTENTION?

AH, MS. NAMENKO, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET SOMETHING TO EAT...

THEY WERE REASSIGNED TO TASMANIA. LOOK IT UP ON THE MAP.

YOU'LL NOTICE WE DON'T HAVE AN OFFICE THERE.

HOW--

HOW THE FUCK DID HE *KNOW?*

TERROR, DON'T EAT THAT, MATE.

SO, ME OLD CHINA: WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

КОМУНІСТ

ЩФЯКЗЯ РФЛТЗЯ

WE KNOW YOU SPEAK ENGLISH. FRENCHIE SAID HE HEARD YOU IN THE CAR.

ARE YOU MORE SCAREDA YOUR BOSS THAN YOU ARE OF US, IS THAT IT? 'COS THAT'S EVERY SINGLE MISTAKE YOU COULD MAKE ALL MADE AT ONCE, BELIEVE ME.

COME ON, MATE. DON'T BE A CUNT OR I'LL BREAK THE OTHER ONE.

OTHER ONE WHAT...?

EEEEEAAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH

JESUS CHRIST--!

WHAT'RE YOU SO WORRIED ABOUT, HE JUST CUT SOME BLOKE'S FACE OFF AN' STUCK IT ON A PIZZA...

AYE, BUT-- BUT--

BUT WHAT?

GOD FUCK JESUS AAAAAAHH

BAD COP BAD COP, MUTHAFUCKA.

EHHNN-- EHHNNHH--!

START WITH WHO YOU WORKIN' FOR.

OH GOD-- AAAAHH--!

OH HEAVENLY FATHER HELP ME, *NINA NAMENKO...!*

HMM.

YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?

ONLY BY REPUTATION. HARDCORE R.O.C.

SUPPOSED TO BE QUITE A NASTY LITTLE GIRL, SHE CAN DO ALL THAT WAR ATROCITY SHIT WITH THE BEST OF 'EM...

ALL RIGHT, TELL US THE REST OF IT. AN' LET'S NOT BOTHER WITH THE Q AN' A BOLLOCKS, JUST TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW FROM START TO FINISH AN' YOU MIGHT--MIGHT--CRAWL OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE.

GO.

CHRRIIIISST...!

NINA SENDS US TO KILL YOU. SHE HAS DEAL WITH AMERICAN GUY, HE SAYS YOU MUST GO RIGHT AWAY.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT DEAL IS. I...I AM ONLY SHOOTER. BUT I THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH SUPERMEN WHO EXPLODE IN THE SKY, I KNOW NINA GATHERS THEM, KEEPS THEM SOMEWHERE...

KNOW WHERE?

KNOW WHO THE AMERICAN IS?

NO. PLEASE, I AM SORRY--

NO. BUT... SHE MEETS WITH HIM RIGHT NOW, AT HOTEL TUPOLEV.

PLEASE, IS ALL I KNOW...I *SWEAR* TO YOU, I SWEAR I TELL THE TRUTH...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE. I BELIEVE YOU.

CHRIST, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY...!

THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN A BIT QUIET.

LOOK--I KNOW YOU'RE JUST GONNA CALL ME A POOF OR WHATEVER, BUT D'YOU NOT THINK WE SHOULD GET THIS GUY SOME SORTA MEDICAL ATTENTION?

HEAR THAT, MY SON?

AN' ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO TO GET IT, IS CALL YOUR BOSS ON HER CELLPHONE AN' TELL HER THE JOB'S DONE. TELL HER...THE CAR BROKE DOWN, BUT YOU'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS YOU'VE GOT IT SORTED.

NO...!

I--I CANNOT *LIE* TO LITTLE NINA!

'COURSE YOU CAN. JUST DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT VAS IN THE OTHER ROOM THERE, SO WE'LL KNOW IF YOU BLOW YOUR LINES OR TRY ANY CODEWORD BOLLOCKS...

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, SHE WILL KILL ME! SHE WILL CUT MY BALLS OFF, SHE WILL SLIT MY FUCKING THROAT!

I WILL NOT DO IT! I WILL NOT! NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

OH DEAR.

SHE'LL KILL MEEEEEE...!

OH DEAR, OH DEAR, OH DEAR.

EEEEEAAAARRRGGGHHH

FUCK--!

LITTLE HUGHIE! WHAT IS UP, MY NIGGER?

AW, IT'S... FUCKIN'...

FORGET IT. CAN I HAVE SOME MORE O' THAT VODKA, JUST TO TAKE THE REST O' THE SKIN OFF MY TEETH?

LITTLE SECRET, COMRADE: IS ACTUALLY NOT VODKA. IS MADE FROM BRAKE FLUID, I GET A TASTE FOR IT IN AFGHANISTAN.

WAS TANK COMMANDER.

YOU WERE IN THE ARMY?

ARMY IS SHIT NOW. BACK THEN WAS MIGHTY SOVIET JUGGERNAUT, COULD HAVE PUSHED NATO FAGGOTS WHOLE WAY TO ENGLISH CHANNEL. NO OFFENCE.

NOSTROVIA!

GOOD HEALTH, VAS.

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST *ALIVE--!*

SAME AGAIN.

WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE WATCHIN', ANYWAY?

COMMUNIST PARTY IS ON NEWS.

ONES I SPEAK OF.

IS *JOSEF CHEMENKO.* LEADER AND TRUE BELIEVER.

CALLS FOR RETURN TO *OLD WAYS:* COLLECTIVISM, CO-OPERATION, CITIZENS WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD OF ALL.

HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS IT, ANYWAY...

BUT IS HE GOOD MAN, LITTLE HUGHIE?

I LOVE COMMUNISM. I LONG FOR RETURN OF COMMUNISM. BUT BEFORE I TIE MY SOUL TO SUCH A MAN--

I MUST BE SURE OF HIM.

THAT'S HER.

GOD, SHE'S FUCKIN' *TINY*...

LOT OF FUCKIN' CUNT IN ONE EASY-TO-MANAGE PACKAGE.

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL STAY WITH HER. M.M., D'YOU WANNA GO IN AN' SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO SHE WAS MEETIN'?

ON IT.

STILL GOT YOUR BOOK?

OH AYE.

RUSSIAN PHRASE

LOOK UP *FOLLOW THAT CAR.*

TAXI!

TIGHT LITTLE OPERATION WE RUNNIN' HERE.

HMM...

SPEAK ENGLISH?

YESSIR! YOU ARE AMERICAN, I LIKE AMERICANS! DRINK?

BOURBON, NEAT. KNOB CREEK IF YOU GOT IT, MAKER'S MARK IF YOU DON'T.

THE WOMAN WHO JUST LEFT, THE LITTLE ONE. YOU KNOW WHO SHE WAS TALKIN' TO?

N-N-NO...

YOU SURE?

N-NO, SIR. I MEAN YES, I AM SURE.

I THINK HE IS A GUEST AT THE HOTEL, BUT I DO NOT KNOW HIM. PLEASE...I...

IT'S ALL GOOD, SON. IT'S ALL GOOD.

I KNOW HOW IT IS, I KNOW THE KINDA PEOPLE WE TALKIN' ABOUT. SO HOW 'BOUT I JUST SIT HERE FOR A HOUR OR TWO, AN' HE COMES IN, YOU POINT HIM OUT TO ME.

HOW YOU THINK THAT'D BE?

MM?

NIGHTY-NIGHT...

THEY'RE GONNA SEE HIM WHEN THEY COME OUT...

THAT'S IF THEY COME OUT. I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A WORD WITH LITTLE NINA.

C'MON, LET'S HAVE A SHUFTI AT WHATEVER IT IS THEY'VE GOT HERE.

THEY'VE PROBABLY--

SHHH.

SORRY. THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT GUNS.

TWO TWATS WITH TWO PISTOLS. ONE EACH, STRAIGHT AT 'EM, AN' BOB'S THE BLOKE WHO BUGGERS YOUR--

AUNTIE...

...BUT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, HOW MUCH *LONGER?*

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA JUST HOW FUCKING BORING IT IS HERE...?

SOON.

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH MONEY IS ACCUMULATING IN YOUR BANK ACCOUNT?

SOON.

HOW ABOUT GETTING US SOME MORE BITCHES, AT LEAST?

AND THEN WE HAVE TO DUMP THEM AFTERWARDS, FULL OF CUMSHOT EXIT-WOUNDS AND THEIR ASSHOLES BURNED OUT. AND THE COPS SAY, WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY ALL COMING FROM?

ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

THIS IS WHY YOU PEOPLE ALWAYS FUCK UP WITH YOUR LORD OF EVIL, TAKE-OVER-THE-WORLD SHIT. YOU EITHER RUSH THINGS, OR YOU FORGET THE LITTLE DETAILS.

STAY HERE. WAIT FOR YOUR ORDERS.

LEG IT.

AND DO NOT EVER CALL ME AGAIN.

YEAH, BIT OF A COCK-UP TWATTIN' THE BLOKE. BUT SHE'LL SMELL A RAT ANYWAY, WHEN HER FIRST LOT DON'T COME HOME FROM WIPIN' US OUT.

'MANY DID YOU MAKE IT BACK THERE? ROUGHLY?

FUCK, UH...OVER A HUNDRED BUT NOT QUITE TWO?

I'D'VE SAID A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY.

SOME PRETTY SERIOUS TALENT, TOO. THE FEW OF 'EM I MANAGED TO RECOGNISE.

BLOODY HELL, HUGHIE...

IS THIS LUNATIC FUCKIN' SLAPPER TRYIN' A COUP?

next: DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS